

THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.
Founder

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
131 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

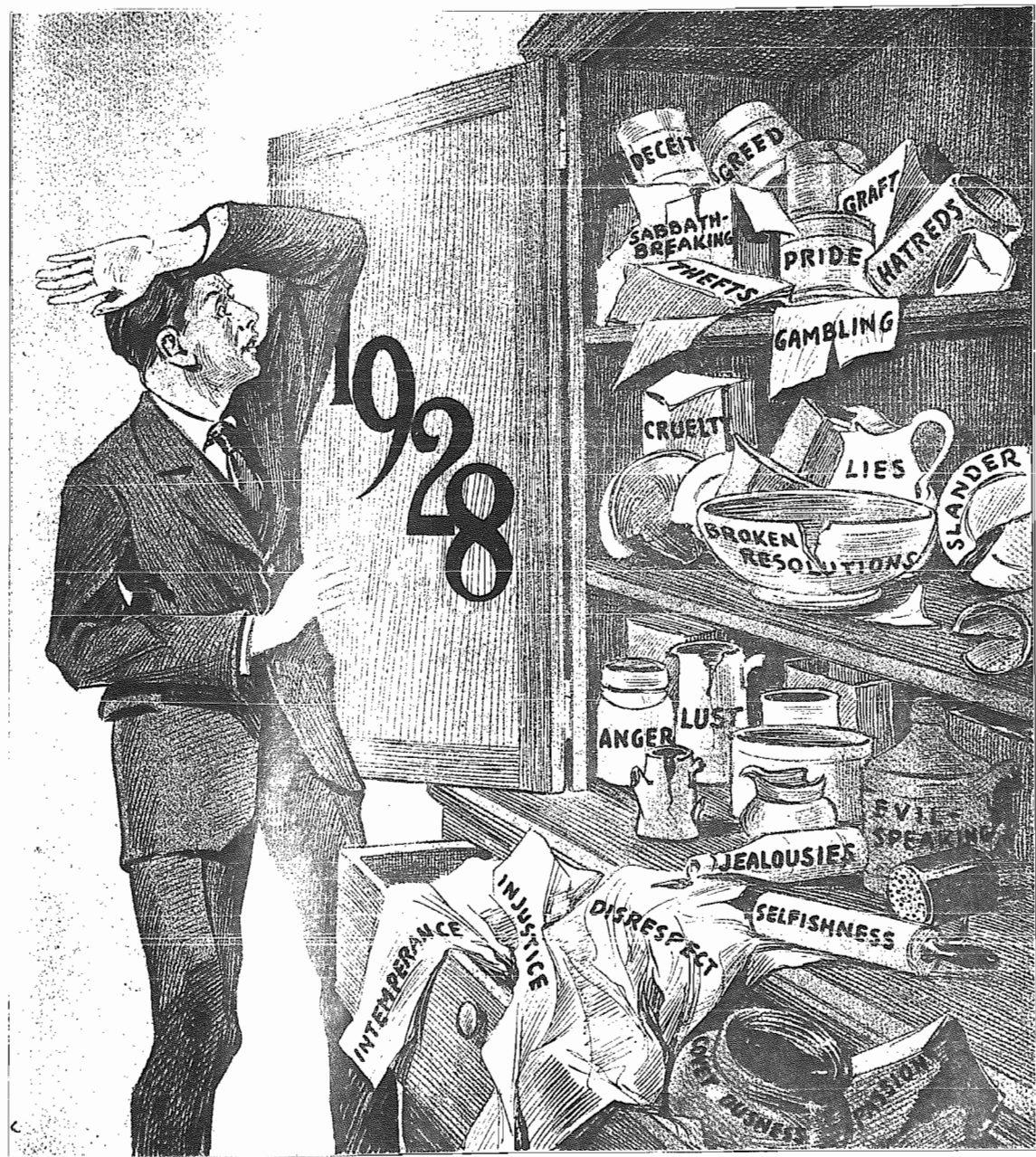
IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man.

VOL. IX. No. 52. Price 5c.

Winnipeg, December 29, 1928

CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner



WHAT A MESS!

With acknowledgments to the New York "War Cry."

The only way out of it: "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—I John 1:9.

Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, John 12: 1-11.—"The house was filled with the odour of the ointment." And the fragrance is with us yet. Mary little knew what a blessing to the world her gift would be. Some lives poured out for Christ have blessed many, though at first it seemed as if only "the house"—tiny circle where they lived—"was filled with the odour." But the rare perfume of a selfless life waited for its aromatic circles, has blessed and refreshed thousands.

Monday, John 12: 22-23.—"We would see Jesus." Both Philip and Andrew are Greek names. The Greeks probably came to Philip feeling sure of sympathy and understanding. Much depends on our attitude and manner towards strangers. People naturally expect a great deal from us as "Saviours." Let us see to it that we are not marked and spoiled, but such that those who desire to "see Jesus" will be encouraged to seek guidance and help from us.

Tuesday, John 12: 23-26.—"Walk while ye have the light." Many regret that darkness has come to them because of disobedience. God showed them the path. He wanted them to walk in, but they chose what seemed an easier way, and it has brought them sorrow. If this is so with you, turn and follow the light to-day. Continue to walk in it, and your path will grow brighter as the days go by.

Wednesday, John 12: 37-50.—"They loved the praise of men more than the praise of God." The praise of man is changeable and short lived, but "the praise of God" abides for ever. Though they were well-educated, intelligent men, leaders amongst the Jews, they were short-sighted and lacked moral courage. Had they only had the courage to stand up for the right, the world would have been a better place, for many weak characters will do right if they have a good, brave leader.

Thursday, Job 12: 1-11.—"Then answered Zophar." Zophar is thought to have been the youngest of Job's three friends, because he waited in silence while the others had spoken. He shared the common idea of his time that all affliction is caused by sin. Therefore, he argued, Job could not be guiltless because he was in trouble. Zophar felt that human speakers and their message were useless. "Oh, that God would speak,"—then all will be made clear.

Friday, Job 12: 12-20.—"Prepare thine heart, and stretch out thine hands toward Him." To an Eastern mind, uplifted hands express prayer and longing, and the human need of Divine help. There are times when we cannot pray aloud, yet heart-prayers may be deepest and most when unexpressed. With most of us, however, it is the chief prayer difficulty that we neglect to prepare our hearts for intercourse with God.

Saturday, Job 12: 1-13.—"No doubt but ye are the people, and wisdom shall die with you." Job was sarcastic with his friends for the misadventure of his agony and failed to bring any comfort to his heart. Do not let us misjudge him, for till we have been in similar circumstances we cannot understand the bitterness of his grief. In seeking to comfort others, remember that words often aggravate their misery, whilst powerful, silent sympathy may bring them relief.

I WONDER

By Elizabeth Clarke Hardy

I wonder much if Mary used to fret
About the children's clothing, and the
food,
And was it sometimes hard for her to get
Enough to satisfy her hungry brood?

And did the little Christ-child have to
wear
Old clothes and broken shoes, and did
he shrink
As my boy does when other children stare,
And did it sometimes hurt him, do you
think?

His father was a carpenter, and so
When work was scarce, or people did
not pay,
It must have made hard times for them,
Just as it makes hard times for us today.

And so I wonder, knowing as he does
The stress of poverty, the strain and
smart
Of toil for children's clothing, food, and
shoes,
Did not sometimes almost break his
heart.

"HIS SERVANTS SHALL DO HIM SERVICE"

A New Year's Eve Reverie

It was late on New Year's Eve, and I was sitting alone by the fire thinking of the marvel and blessing of the past year.

A big wave of memory passed over me as I remembered my uselessness. In health had forced upon my reluctant hands the almost every bit of work had fallen out of them. A great training possessed me for the Life Above where I could serve as Master with perfect physical, mental, and spiritual powers. And my heart cried out, "Lord, let me go now. I am so tired of this inaction."

In a flash the Angel who had charge of the appointments, seemed to stand before me.

"O Angel," I cried, "what would have you for me to do? Now I shall be able to give perfect service to the King. On earth I was so conscious of my limitations, and my best work fell far below what any of my comrades could do for Him." For years I have lived in the comfort of the promise, "His servants shall do His will," and they shall see His face." Revelation, vi. 4, R.V., and now at last it will be fulfilled."

Training Too Severe?

The Angel looked sad. "We had planned for you important work for you," he said, "but you complained that the training was too severe for one of your temperament so you refused to take it."

BEFORE THE OLD YEAR ENDS

Decide for Christ and Salvation

TO REMAIN UNSAVED means that you here and now, quite apart from what may happen after death, choose failure, unhappiness and conscious wrong instead of success, joy and conscious right.

To remain unsaved, above all else, means that you refuse God's plea for you, that you reject your Saviour Who died for you, and that you willfully range yourself on the side of the devil and all who strive to overthrow the Kingdom of Heaven and make the whole universe a Hell.

To remain unsaved means that you not only lose your own soul, but that others, influenced by your example, or left in ignorance by the lack of your proclamation of the way of Salvation, will be lost with you.

Just think for a few moments of the momentous issues at stake, and the tremendous responsibility which rests upon you in this matter—and decide at once for Christ.

THE RIDDLE OF THE UNIVERSE

By "J.R.W."

WHILE on my way to the Meeting on Sunday afternoon we chanced across an acquaintance on his way to hear a prominent lecturer give his views on the above subject. Our friend had "taken in" two or three lectures during the week, and proceeded to pass on his enlightening information to us during our journey, per street car to the Citadel.

We listened courteously, and said little, but today still thinking over what we had heard, we went to our treasured "Scrap-book," and, strange to say, it was not long before it disclosed something that long delighted our hearts.

It is Alfred Noyes, in his epic poem, "Watchers of the Sky," who makes Kepler say:

Even your atheist builds his doubt
On that strange faith: destroys his
Heaven and God.
In absolute faith that his own thought
is true
To law, God's lantern to our stumbling
feet;
And so, despite himself, he worships
God.
For where true souls are, there are God
and heaven,
And yet . . . to hear
Those wittols talk, you'd think you'd
bait to mix
A bushel of good, Greek letters in a
sack
And shake them roundly for an age or
so.

To pour the Odyssey out. At last I told those disputants what my wife had said, one night.
When I was tired, and all my mind
a-dust,
With pondering on their atoms. I
was called

"I have something else for you to do. It is so valuable to us as was our first choice for you, but you are not fit for the other. Do this faithfully, and you will prepare yourself as you might have done on earth for the greater opportunity."

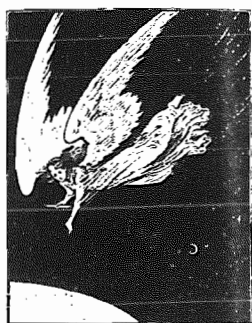
Preparation for Higher Service

"If only you mortals would understand that life on earth is just a preparation for the Life Beyond, then you would accept sorrow, or pain, or unpleasant work, or unbecoming conduct, as a place behind-the-scenes, unacknowledged by man, and a thousand other things by which God seeks to train and prepare you for heavenly responsibility. If you would do this He could give you important work directly you set free, instead of having to put you into something smaller—the only service for which you are fit through your lack of experience."

"But can't I go back, and finish the training below?" I begged.

The Angel smiled. "It won't be easy," he said, "but let patience have her perfect work."

So now when the longing for life and work in the Other World comes rushing over me, I say, "Have Thy way, Lord; have Thy way," and I am kept peaceful and at rest.



Redeeming the Time

"REDEEMING the time." What a responsibility! What are we doing with our time, our spare hours? Do we invest it for God or use it for selfish pursuits that don't count? Somehow we seem to have time for everything else in the world, time to eat and time to sleep, time to shop and time to talk, time for the newspaper and time for our visitors, time for pleasure and time for work, but no time for God?

Do we spend our time entertaining our friends, providing expensive dinner parties and willing away the hours in idle talk? Or do we live as pilgrims and act like sojourners? Are we different from the world? Are the precious hours given to conversation about Himself, and the interests of the Kingdom? Thus will it be when the Holy Spirit comes. Let us stop, and begin right now to practise what we sing:

"All my days, and all my hours,
All my will, and all my powers,
Shall be Thine, dear Lord."

No Prayer in Her Pillow

ONE night the mother of two little girls was away at bedtime, and they were left to do as they would. "I am not going to pray tonight," said Lillian, when she was ready for bed.

"Why, Lillian?" exclaimed Amy, with round eyes of astonishment. "I don't care if I don't come to. There isn't any use." So she tumbled into bed, while Amy knelt and prayed. The little prayer finished, and the light extinguished, Amy crept into bed.

There was a lone silence, then Lillian began to turn restlessly, giving her pillow a vigorous thump, and saying crossly, "I wonder what the matter with that pillow?" There came a sweet little voice from Amy's side of the bed, "I think it's because there isn't any prayer in it."

A few minutes more of restlessness, then Lillian slipped out of bed and knelt in prayer. Then all was quiet and peaceful, and the two girls slept. Is there a prayer in your pillow when you go to sleep at night?

It Takes Two to Make a Quarrel

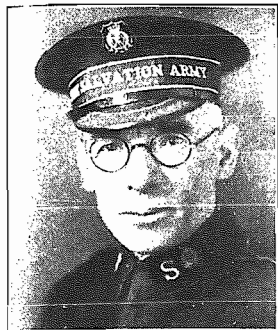
Don't you be one of the two. A furious man unanswered is well answered. No one incurs a wild and angry man so much as refusing to be angry with him. A still tongue, at such times as these, makes a wise head and a still kinder, warmer heart.

Sitting down hard on an inverted tin can is pleasant compared to quarrelling with a raging, furious man. Give him a wide berth. If he's dead set on strife, leave him to squabble with himself; the fire will soon fizzle out.

Some men love a big row, and some women love a hot contention. We've heard of some who will quarrel with their own shadow. Then surely their case is hopeless. The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water, therefore leave off contention before it be meddled with; in other words, leave off before you begin.

A little girl who had just been saved said Jesus was in her heart. Another questioned as to what she would do if Satan knocked at the door, responded by saying, "Why, I would send Jesus to the door." She had the secret all right.

RETROSPECT-1928



Lt.-Commissioner C. T. Rich,
Territorial Commander.

WHILE it is a good thing to scan the horizon to lay plans for future operations, it is well also that we retrace, for the purpose of retrospection, our "footprints on the sands of time" to so doing, doubtless, we shall be both inspired and profited.

It may not be ill-fitting, perhaps, if we make mention, in this connection, of the good offices of the "War Cry", for it is one of the several purposes of the White Winged Messenger to record Army events as they come; and a glance back over the pages of the volume for 1928, now to all intents and purposes complete, provides a means of spending a delightful and instructive hour. A "timely tid" for our readers who have carefully laid by their copies weekly for reference!

Not properly belonging to this year and yet exercising a strong bearing on succeeding events it is well to begin our tale with the end of 1927 when our new Territorial Training Garrison, a splendidly up-to-date building was opened by the Chief of the Staff in Winnipeg. Since then, in addition to the large number of young men and women undergoing intensive training within its walls, the roomy Auditorium has been the scene of notable gatherings throughout the year.

The Great Crusade

The opening months of 1928 witnessed the clash of arms, the marching of Salvation hosts and the capturing of prisoners for the Army of the Lord. The Great Crusade was on!

Led by the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich, and leading Staff Officers, the attack was opened with the conducting of a Day of Intercession in Winnipeg the Crusade gathered in momentum as the days rolled on. A couple of War Cry issues devoted almost entirely to the news of the conflict told the stirring story in detail, and all centres, as well as far-off outposts rejoiced over victories won.

One of the outstanding features of the Crusade was the bombardment of a number of towns round about the Territorial Hub by brigades of Cadets, these lasting for a period of ten days and being productive of excellent results.

The series of Young People's Councils held toward the latter part of the Crusade were perhaps among the best and most fruitful of any which have preceded them, these being conducted largely by our Territorial Leaders. Practically every important centre was visited and the response made to the messages of our Leaders was gratifying indeed. In this connection we remember the visit of Mrs. Commissioner Mapp with much pleasure.

Reference must also be made to a new

venue in Winnipeg in Young People's Council for the year, was conducted by reason of the opening of the new Auditorium, previously mentioned.

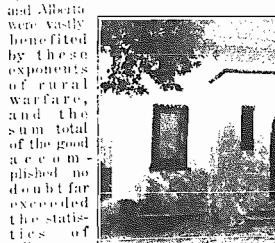
Effort in the interest of the interest shown by the people of Winnipeg, and once again called forth the best of us, the totals shown over previous years of more than 100,000.

Two Outstanding Events

First of these was the outstanding event of the summer our musical comedy, most likely reply in favour of the Board-men's Councils—and few of us will fail to recall the great festival of music, and the Commissioner in the Amphitheatre Park. But three or four more voices would doubtless trumpet the praises of that other notable event, the Commissioning of the "Water" Season of Cadets; the first full season since the opening of the new Garrison to reinforce their comrades in the Yukon, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean.

While speaking of summer activities we recall the splendid work done in the behalf of needy mothers and children in connection with our Fresh-Air Camps. A new site was opened at Hopkins Landing near Vancouver, and some of our smaller Corps including Vererville went in for this kind of work on their own initiative.

The Charities manned by enthusiastic crews again proved the efficacy of the heralds of The Army's message of Salvation. Manitoba, Saskatchewan



The picturesque Army Hall at Kamloops, B.C.

With July came the launching of the great Centenary Call Campaign, with its stirring manifesto calling for one year's intensive Salvation Warfare. It will be remembered by all readers of The War Cry that this effort is to celebrate the centenary year of the birth of our Founders, both of whom were born in the year 1829.

With the dawn of 1929 we have no doubt this Campaign will enter upon the triumphant stage, and that in July next we shall have cause to rejoice over a series of great and Territorial-wide victories.

We pass over a number of smaller events, not for lack of space than interest, and then the Annual Territorial Congress held our attention. What great gatherings these were and what mighty words! Colonel Moore Booth was our guest speaker and the messages given by him, as well as those of our own Territorial Leaders, were the means of great blessing. Winnipeg and Vancouver were favoured cities at these times, but the Alberta Congress, a new venture, conducted by the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich at Edmonton, was by no means in arrears when it came to enthusiasm and results.

Our Native Comrades in the North-West were not forgotten, and their fraternal and spiritual needs were met during the Congress conducted by Lt.-Colonel Ed. H. Joy, at Port Essington, B.C., and by Lt.-Colonel

E. Sims at Ketchikan, Alaska. These gatherings were well up to the standard of other years as the attendances and results indicated. Mention of Alaska brings to our minds the fact also that a new Corps has been opened at Tenakee Springs.

Of Territorial changes made during the year we can but make very brief mention. Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Dickerson have left us for Newfoundland and Brigadier and Mrs. Layman for the Hawaiian Islands, and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Clarke with other comrades for the United States.

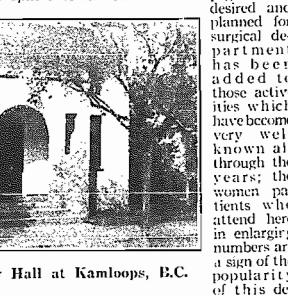
A "Tree of the Forest" fell when our late Field Secretary, Lt.-Colonel Bramwell Taylor, was promoted to Glory from our ranks, and we yet cannot realize our great loss.

Lt.-Colonel Peacock, our new Field and Young People's Secretary, with Mrs. Peacock, has been welcomed into our midst with that heartiness which characterizes the West and has now settled down into his duties.

Naturally the greatest joy to the heart of a true "Blood and Fire" Salvationist is the work of direct soul-saving, and as we have recalled in connection with our Spring Crusade, and for which our General has called in connection with the Centenary Campaign. There is, however, a very great gladness in the thought that our Social operations continue to exercise an increasing influence on all ranks of society.

The Grace Hospitals

The splendidly equipped and directed Grace Hospitals at Winnipeg and Vancouver are continually widening their sphere of service. At Winnipeg much



desired and planned for surgical department has been added to those activities which have become very well known all through the years; the women patients who attend here in enlarging numbers are a sign of the popularity of this department of an increasingly useful institution.

The other Grace Hospitals—in Calgary and Edmonton—as well as our Women's Institution in Regina, are making splendid strides in usefulness. Indeed, the work that is being done at these centres is a constant call to similar service in other cities; the Commissioner is continually receiving requests to undertake such operations in other places of influence, but, alas, lack of workers and of money is a serious and ever-present barrier.

In closing this all-too-incomplete review we must mention the several advances made in the Territory in things material, although in doing so we do not forget the scripture truth: "The things not seen are eternal". Halls to better house the needs of our Corps Work have been opened at Prince George, B.C., Kamloops, B.C., Juneau, Alaska; Kamloops, Sask.; Roblin, Man.; Port Frances, Ont.; and Macleod, Alta.

The Children's Home in Brandon is now actually our own property, and has undergone considerable alteration so as to make it more commodious and useful.

A re-arrangement of our Eventide Work in Alberta has resulted in the splendid Glenheim premises being exclusively devoted to aged men, and the Calgary Home is now the resting place of our elder sisters.



Colonel Gideon Miller,
Chief Secretary.

The latest property to be acquired, and which will mark a great step forward in our Social Institutions in the West, is the fine "Hotel Calgary" which is to take care of the growing needs of our Men's Social Work in the City of Calgary.

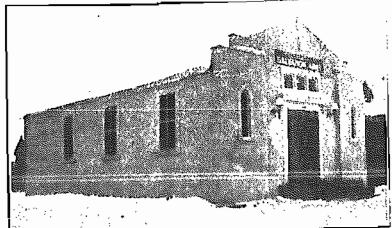
In conclusion we must refer, and with very much sorrow, to the time of great anxiety which we have all spent, more especially during the past few months, with the knowledge of the illness of our beloved General burdening our hearts. It is with grateful thanks to God that the close of the year finds the news concerning our Leader much more encouraging. That he may be spared to lead us on to victory for many years to come will evoke a sincere Amen from our hearts, one and all.

What will the New Year bring forth? The results are doubtful, largely in our own hands; but with the blessing of God we must at all events keep well before us the grand object for which The Army was brought into being—the Salvation of the lost and the making of fighting Soldiers.

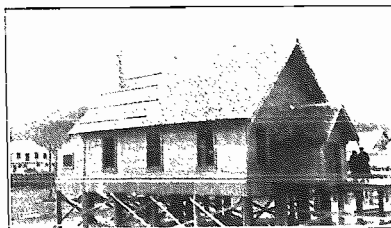
A Word of Thanks

Finally, my brethren—The Editorial Staff would be ingrates indeed if they did not say a hearty word of thanks to all those who have so willingly and helpfully co-operated with them during the past year. Our faithful Corps of Corps Correspondents, many of them anonymous, some of them mere initials, but all intent on publishing the doings of the Holy One in our midst—to them we are grateful. To our valued and esteemed colleague, the blessing of God and our thanks. To our Printing House—"The Farmer's Advocate of Winnipeg"—the willing and even comradely assistance of whom is more valued than we can say—to them we tender thanks. To our Engravers—Messrs. Brigdens, and Messrs. Batten and others of Winnipeg and elsewhere—hearty thanks. And to our comrade Editors in all parts of the world by whose labours we so often profit—more thanks. "The grace of the Lord Jesus be with you all."—W.R.P.

The first guest of The Army's new Rescue Home for Women in Seoul, Korea, was a girl who had gone insane from blows received from her husband and her mother. She had finally been sold to undesirable men to pay a family debt.



New Hall opened during 1928 in Roblin, Man.



Over the tidal line—Our 1928 Hall at Juneau, Alaska.

Week Ye First The Kingdom Of GOD

True Worth

"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."

—Matthew 5, 5.

A CITY lad, visiting on a farm for the first time, saw a field of ripening wheat. He noticed that some of the yellowish stems stood up tall and straight while others gracefully bent their heads. "Those stalks that stand up so tall and straight must be the best," he remarked to the farm lad who was his companion. "They look as if they were proud of what they are doing."

The country boy laughed. "That's because you don't know much about wheat," he explained. He plucked a head of each, and rubbing them in his hands showed that the tall, straight stalks held very little grain, while the bending heads were filled with the promise of a rich and bountiful harvest.

Men and women of rich attainment and ability are usually modest and unassuming, while the empty-headed people all too often feverishly lift themselves above the crowd as if afraid they may not receive the attention they think they deserve. One of the truest evidences of true greatness is a humble spirit.

"I Have No Other Plans

"Where there is no vision, the people perish." —Proverbs 29, 18.

AN OLD legend tells of a visit which the angels paid to the Saviour after He had returned to the Father. They were most interested in His mission to the earth, and their hearts were torn as He told them of the indifference and cruelty of its inhabitants.

When He had finished the tale of His sufferings the angels said to Him:

"But who is to carry on the work You began at so great a cost?"

"There is John," said the Saviour, "and Peter and James."

"But what if they should fail?"

"Then there is Paul and Barnabas and Matthew," was the confident reply.

"But what if all those who called themselves your disciples were to prove unfaithful?" cried the angels in their anxiety. "what would You do then?"

The Saviour looked at His angels for a moment, and then, shaking His head, whispered slowly:

"I have no other plans! If My people fail Me I have no other plans!"

Our Lord has no hands but our hands to serve and save the world; no other eyes but ours to see the people's needs. If our vision faileth, then they will perish.

Getting at the Root

"Thou shalt have no other gods before Me" —Exodus xx, 3.

One of my Soldiers, says an American Officer, who used to be an inveterate smoker, told me how he gave up the indulgence of tobacco. He tried to free himself of the habit, but the craving was too much for him. He went to the Captain and asked if there was anything in the Bible that would help him to get the best of his appetite. The Captain pointed out several verses that he thought would help him.

A week later the Soldier came back and said, "It is no use, Captain; I have done my best, and I can't quit!" The Captain looked him in the eye, and said, "When you love Jesus more than you love the tobacco then you will cease using it." The remark went straight home, and he sought and found the blessing of a clean heart and the appetite was gone without any conscious effort on his part. He had been putting tobacco before God.

This comrade was making a mistake common to many who desire to be overcomers. He lopped off the fruit of evil, but that left room for it to grow again. As soon as evil was uprooted the fruit of it naturally disappeared.

Sowing the Seed by the Wayside Bare

By Lt.- Colonel Winchell, U.S.A.

My casual meeting with a representative of a great News-Service Agency in New York some little time ago impressed upon my mind afresh not only the opportunity which existed, but the urgent, life or death necessity of being "instant in season and out of season."

Late one evening, I called upon Pat Crowe, the famous kidnapper and train-robbler—now converted—who was then watchman by The Salvation Army Hut at Union Square, New York City. The purpose of my call was to invite Pat to attend one of my Meetings that evening.

While I was talking to Pat a knock at the door admitted a young man, less than twenty-five years of age. He was alert and active, a typical newspaper man. He had come to get a "story" from Pat Crowe, for that very day young Mr. Cudaway (son of one of the six great meat-packers of America), whom Pat had kidnapped twenty-five years ago, and for whose release Pat obtained 25,000 dollars ransom from his father, has just arrived in New York with his young bride.

Never Prayed in His Life!

During the interview with Pat Crowe the young man gave utterance to an expression that suggested an unclean thought. Then I spoke up: "My friend, you appear to me as being a bright young fellow with life before you. You cannot afford to blight your future with a corrupt mind. Why not pray to God to keep you?"

Here Pat joined in and said: "Yes, friend, the Salvationist is right. I have only a horrible pit behind me from which I have escaped and all I can do is to thank God; but you yet have life before you to make, and you ought to pray for your soul. The Brigadier here is great on prayer. He has prayed here with me before."

"I never prayed in my life that I can remember," replied the reporter in rather a boastful mood.

There and then I dropped on my knees and said to him, "Well it is time to begin, so get down on your knees while I pray with you."

"I'll do no such thing. I never liked the idea of prayer."

"Well, try it now and forget your pride and the love of sin. Get down now and look right up to God in dead earnest for your soul; it may be the last chance you will ever have." I afterwards found I spoke more truly than I then knew.

"Well, Brigadier," responded the reporter, "I'll be game and get on my knees for the first time." So he knelt.

My prayer was something like this: "O Lord, here is a young man whom Thou dost want to help. Thou hast endowed him with great talents. He has ability to study situations and write stories that command world-wide attention. Thou hast not given him these blessings for naught. He ought to dedicate his life for Thy glory and for Thy work, O Lord, make him think it over. May he from this day begin to live his life for Jesus Christ who died for him—whether he lives many years or only a few days. May he centre his mind upon things eternal. Lord save him before it is too late."

When we three arose from our knees I saw he was affected; tears were in his eyes. He came over and took me by the hand and said, "Thank you, Brigadier. This prayer of yours is the greatest thing that ever came into my life."

His Last Chance!

The very next morning this newspaper man was sent to Albany, detailed to write up the ousting of a certain Socialist assembly man. The following day he was stricken with pneumonia. He only lived for four days.

Do you not think that during those four days—aware as he was that he would soon be ushered into the eternal world—the prayer we offered less than a week before in The Salvation Army Hut on Union Square would help him to the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world? What if I had failed to seize the opportunity, apparently so casual, which presented itself to me of dealing with this young man?

Waiting to be Filled

"The River of God that is full of water." —Psalm 65, 9.

I WAS standing on the wall of a great lock. Outside was a huge lake—labeled about to enter. At my feet lay the empty lock—waiting. For what? Waiting to be filled. Away beyond lay Great Lake Superior, with its limitless abundant supply, also waiting. Waiting for what? Waiting for something to be done at the lock ere the great lake could pour its fullness.

In a moment it was done. The lock-keeper reached out his hand and pushed a steel lever. A little wicket gate swung open under the magic touch. At once the water in the lake began to boil and seethe. As it seethed I saw it rapidly creep up the walls of the lock. In a few moments the lock was full. The great gates swung open and the huge ship floated into the lock now filled to the brim with the fullness poured from the waiting lake without.

Do you remember the wonderful words of Isaiah, when he said: "The glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams." He will save us. And then he goes on to say, "The people that dwell in Zion shall be forgiven their iniquity." "The River of God is full of water."

Not an Insurance—a Conquest

"He went forth conquering and to conquer." —Rev. 6, 2.

WE must not expect that we shall escape the conditions of life in the world in which God has placed all the children of His family. To expect to escape is to fly to a shelter which will cave in on us, or it will be what Jesus called building on the sand so that the storm will bring the house down.

We may expect that because of our relationship with God we shall be made strong to endure and invincible in faith, and that where other men experience disaster we shall so be able to take an attitude to everything that we shall bend it to God's purposes which are purposes concerned, not with our financial well-being or even our bodies, but our souls.

To do this is to find a new meaning and purpose in every happening of life. It is to build on a rock, a rock which all the powers of hell are impotent to move. Jesus doesn't say, "If you follow Me, life will be crowned with a wreath of roses." He indicates quite clearly that just probably it will be crowned with thorns.

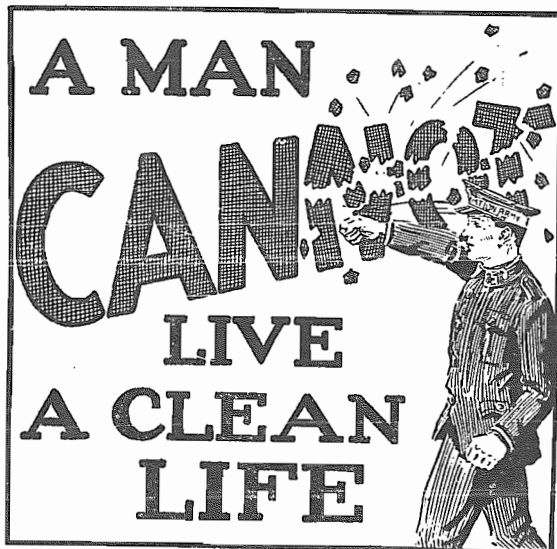
Religion is not dope, nor insurance, nor escape. It is conquest, because man is placed in touch with such amazing resources that whatever happens, he can conquer his spirit. Jesus doesn't promise you shall escape the waters. He says, "Whenever you pass through them I shall be there too."

The Spirit to Catch

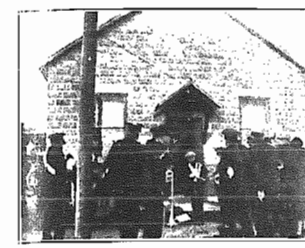
"Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." —Romans 12, 11.

A member of a church once said to me with an expression of satisfaction on his face, "I took my two little girls to hear the Captain; she is so in earnest. I want them to catch her spirit."

After some Meetings in a country town, while waiting on the railway platform for a train, there came up to me a little the worse for drink. He had been in the Meeting the previous night, and an arrow had got into his conscience. After looking into some of the corners, evidently in search of some one, he addressed himself to a group of Officers, and said, "I want to see the man who led the Meeting last night. I liked that fellow 'cause he put his blooming heart into it."



Giving the Lie to the Devil's suggestion.



The Opening Ceremony.

IT SEEMS to us that if ever there is a place where the people of this Army it is at the historic western centre of Macleod, where, so we have just heard, they have erected a real Army Citadel—up to date in many of its appointments, and already dedicated to the purpose of soul-saving—out of cement blocks taken from an old building which was situated on the Canadian National Railways right-of-way, and which was donated by the C.N.R.

It reminds us straightaway of the old-time prophecy of Amos who said of the people of his day that "the bricks are laid down, but we will build with hewn stones"; that which we thought to use, so to speak, and which was but of a temporary character, is to be discarded in favor of something which shall be splendidly durable. Truly, a salvage operation, in other words, an act of Salvation.

Naturally there was keen disappointment among the enterprising comrades of Macleod when it became known that Staff-Captain Steele would be prevented by illness from attending for the week-end set apart for the opening Meetings of the new Hall; but a thoroughly enthusiastic substitute had been provided in the person of Captain Kenneth King, of Lethbridge, who, as to the manner born, conducted the Dedication Gatherings, and greeted His Worship Mayor J. W. McDonald, K.C., when he arrived to declare the building open.

A descriptive report given by the Macleod "Times and News" shows that the local soldiery and Officers entered



Captain R. Lesher and Lieutenant M. Thierstein of Macleod.

Brigadier Smith at Moose Jaw

We welcomed our new Divisional Commander, Brigadier Smith recently, and as could be expected we had a halloo-ho. The Brigadier's breezy talk, his good personality and happy Salvationism won for him a warm place in the hearts of the people, and made our week-end Meetings a real success.

The Christmas "War Cry" Campaign opened with a bang on Wednesday night last, when the Band exercised itself in a musical programme over CJRM. Judging from the results the programme certainly was a success. We are glad to report that Christmas carolling has also been blessed of God.

Sunday last a representative of the British and Foreign Bible Society gave an interesting and informative lecture, which was heard with much enjoyment by a good crowd of people.

Sickness is rather prevalent among the Soldiers at the present time, although the good hand of God is upon each one. Sister Fletcher has been in hospital for a trying period, but is improving. God still continues to bless us.—"Rex"

In Historic Macleod

OPENING OF NEW HALL MARKS NEW ERA IN LIFE OF OLD ESTABLISHED CORPS

and heartily into the Meetings, and that a time of real Salvation fraternity existed. Bandmaster Davey pronounced the prayer of dedication, and every word he uttered gave evidence of the faith with which he and his comrades had come up to this day. Captain Lesher read the Scripture, which was taken from those wonderful verses which tell of the gladness of the Hebrews when they came up to the dedication of the House of God.

Mayor McDonald cheered all by his very evident knowledge of the widespread influence of the Army, and by his no less ready testimony to the good work being done in the town by our local forces. That this work is fully recognized is also emphasized by the fact that the site upon which the Hall has been erected was donated to The Army by the town authorities of Macleod.

Captain King's subsequent address, in which he congratulated the local comrades on this fine issue of their faith and hard work, was in his own happy, breezy manner, and of course, interspersed with those spiritual asides which are as life itself to him. In all that the Captain did he was heartily supported by several

comrades from Lethbridge, and twelve handsmen who had journeyed over with him to add their musical efforts to all the rest of the doings of the day.

Bandmaster Davey, to whom we are indebted for much of the above information, tells us that each Meeting was a time of great blessing, and that the whole was crowned by two souls coming to the Saviour.

Who shall say that the day of glory has departed from historic Macleod? Its name is written large across the history of these Western Lands; there have been great and stirring happenings enacted thereabouts; the pioneers made it a place of safety and strength; a famous town is Macleod for those who have read the story of early days on plains, and of the deeds of daring performed by the gallant riders of Royal North West Mounted.

But, be it said with much faith, that the building which has arisen in such a phoenix-like fashion, and is now a place for the seeking and finding of the mercy of God, shall add another chapter to the glories of old Macleod. As their citizens listen again and again to the message of salvation which our comrades will resound around its streets, and as they lift their eyes to the distant hills, may they remember Him of whom the people of old-time said:

"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore."

TERRITORIAL TABLE TALK

Winnipeg, December 20th

And here is where the Editor and his colleagues wish you a very happy New Year; happy in the service of God and The Army.

We had an idea the other day that we would like to know how many seekers had been reported in the "War Cry" for the year throughout the Territory, and to the glory of God we set it down that our pages have recorded 4,324 as kneeling at the Penitent-Form of The Army in Canada West during 1928. For these, and the many who have not been reported, we bless the Name of the Lord.

It was hoped that Colonel Barr, en route for London, would be able to take part in a Rally at Winnipeg Citadel last night, the 19th; but he hastens on Toronto wards, and who shall blame him.

It was hoped that Colonel Sims has made his first—this time visit to Fort William and Port Arthur A.S.W. Institutions as Territorial Social Secretary; and during his latest Meeting in Port Arthur, one soul sought salvation.

The weekly "Dinner-Hour" Meetings at the Weston (Winnipeg) C.P.R. shops are becoming a more and more definite part of the life of the men. It was a welcome visitor there recently, and last week Brigadier Carter was the leader.

It was hoped that Mrs. Joy were evening visitors at Kildonan the other Sunday; Mrs. Joy's talk and the Colonel's impromptu music and singing were greatly appreciated.

A welcome visitor to the Territorial Centre during the last few days has been Lt. Colonel MacLean, fresh from his consecutive triumphs in the States, where he has met with abounding kindness and salvation good.

Mrs. Lt. Colonel Sims performed a very pleasing little duty at North Winnipeg a few days ago, opening the Home League Sale of Work.

All hail to Walter Wallace Bellamy, latest member of the "O.K." Cradle Roll. Mother and son are doing well, and there is great jubilation accordingly.

Adjutant Stewart of Edmonton, and Adjutant Stewart of Calgary, two Men's Social Officers be it noted, were quick to take advantage of the newly inaugurated air-mail to send their greetings to the Commissioner.

The latest recruits for service in other lands are Adjutant and Mrs. Norberg, of Gleichen; who leave us shortly for Panama. The blessing of God and the good will of their comrades are surely their portion.

Captain Henrietta Lyons, recently at Winnipeg Grace Hospital has taken command at Nelson, B.C.

We are sorry to hear of the necessity for Captain Reed's continued stay at home; we trust that her health will soon improve sufficiently to enable her to return to duty. In the meantime Lieutenant Gordon is making a gallant stand at Fort Rouge.

To "A.E.T." of Victoria, B.C., faithful correspondent indeed, is the honor of sending the first Corps report per air-mail. Who ever dared to say that Victoria was behind the times?

We hear that Envoy (Dad) Peacock has been revelling in a Christmas "Cry" selling campaign, and has disposed of over two hundred copies; not bad for an octogenarian. His testimony is as definite as ever.

By the way, a third edition of the Christmas "War Cry" has been called for to meet the demand for extra orders; we certainly have put one over this year, and here's our hearty thanks to all who have contributed to this successful campaign.

A certain gentleman of color informed his master, who had enquired the name of his twins: "Well, suh, the first Ah named Adagio Allegro, an' Ah'm gonna call the second one, Encore." "I know you're musical, Rastus," said his master, "but why call the second one Encore?" "Well, Colonel, suh," replied Rastus, "you see he wasn't on the programme at all!"



Mayor J. W. McDonald K.C.

The Field Secretary at Brandon

Our comrades at Brandon were pleased to have with them for a Campaign on Sunday last, Lt. Colonel Peacock, the Field Secretary. Staff-Captain Weeks of the Immigration Department, accompanied the Colonel to the Wheat City and rendered excellent assistance in the Meetings as well as conducting a service for the prisoners in the jail on Sunday afternoon.

A hearty welcome was extended the visitors in the Sunday morning Holiness Meeting and a season of spiritual refreshing ensued, the Colonel's message being greatly enjoyed as was also the Staff-Captain's helpful testimony.

The Colonel was much pleased and impressed with the splendidly organized and conducted Young People's Company-Meeting which he visited in the afternoon, and congratulated Y.P.S.-M. Beulah Hoddinott and her staff of Workers accordingly. The Colonel availed himself of the opportunity of a heart-to-heart chat with the Young People, held a session with the Workers, and did not forget to make the acquaintance of the Primary Company little ones.

At night, the Colonel led a stirring Salvation Meeting in the Citadel when the love and power of God's Salvation Might was set forth clearly and with power. The Male Voice Party sang with their usual sweetness and the Songster Brigade and Band were well up to par in providing a harmonious setting to the great Salvation theme.

Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughey, the Corps Officers, and the Brandon comrades gave ready and willing assistance to the Colonel during the day and gave him a hearty invitation to return at an early date.

The Soldiers' A. B. C.

Neepawa (Captain and Mrs. McInnes). Since the arrival of our new Officers twelve seekers for Salvation have knelt at the Mercy-Seat. On Corps Cadet Sunday three boys sought the Saviour. Our Thursday night Meetings are becoming very popular. Each Soldier is conducting a class, in turn, and also using, in turn, an alphabetical order, a letter of the alphabet with which to commence their subject. This system is proving most satisfactory and interesting. —C.C.B.

Mother, Son and Daughter

Regina Citadel (Adjutant Reader and Captain McDowell). Last Sunday, after a stirring address in the Holiness Meeting delivered by Adjutant Reader, a mother, with her son and daughter, sought Salvation at the Mercy-Seat. Halloo-ho! In the Free and Easy Meeting, just as we were about to commence the testimony period a sister who has been a backslider, came voluntarily to the Penitent-Form, and there came back to the Fold. There was a splendid crowd in the Salvation Meeting, when a number of recent converts testified to the saving and keeping power of God. Staff-Captain Bourne spoke, after which the Adjutant's address was a blessing to many. Before the close of the Meeting we had the joy of seeing one dear man give himself to the Saviour. —W.G.W.

THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
Canada West and Alaska

Founder—William Booth
General—Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy, SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the special Easter and Christmas issues) will be mailed to any address in Canada for twelve months for the sum of \$2.50 prepaid. Address: The Publications Secretary, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg. Printed for The Salvation Army in Canada West by The Farmer's Advocate of Winnipeg, Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langside Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

GENERAL ORDER

The Y. P. Annual will be observed throughout the Territory from Saturday to Sunday, February 16-18. Corps Officers will please arrange accordingly. Divisional Commanders are responsible for issuing instructions and suggestions to Officers under their direction.

OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

PROMOTIONS:

TO BE ENSIGN:

Captain Elsie Stunneil, Edmonton D.H.Q.
Captain Alfred Walker, Winnipeg Men's Social Department.

APPOINTMENTS:

Captain Henrietta Lyons, from Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, to London, B.C.
Captain Gladys Poole, from Furlough to Grace Hospital, Winnipeg.

(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

The Commissioner

IT CAN readily be understood that in view of our Territorial Commander's approaching visit to the International Headquarters, in connection with the Meeting of the High Council of The Army, there are very many claims upon his time and energy just now. Consultations and interviews at Territorial Headquarters are especially taxing and important. It is splendid to know, however, that the Chief Secretary is gradually returning to excellent health, and able to undertake much of what might otherwise fall upon the Commissioner's shoulders.

The Commissioner sails for England on the 26th inst., and will call at the "Majestic" from New York on the 29th. We wish him a safe and easy voyage and the guidance of the good Lord in all that lies before him. There will be many who will pray for him—who do so now. The task to which he and his colleagues are called is no light one, and fraught with tremendous possibilities for The Army.

THE front rank position which our various "Grace" Hospitals are taking throughout the Dominion has been well emphasised during recent days in the course of a visitation which has been made by Dr. M. T. MacEachern, who is in charge of hospital standardization throughout Canada and the United States, and a Director of the American College of Surgeons.

Dr. MacEachern has included in his itinerary Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, and once more has expressed his high approval of all that he saw there; he was especially interested in the later developments in the Surgery Department, and was emphatic in his congratulations to all who are responsible for the same.

The doctor has also made his first official visit to Grace Hospital, Vancouver, and his expression was that of surprise and gratification at the completeness of the Institution, and delight in the scientific carrying out of the work which The Army has there undertaken. It is interesting to us to know that Dr. MacEachern made a thorough and painstaking investigation into all departments of the hospital, and was unstinted in his praise, and cited it as an outstanding example of the type of hospital to which the principles of standardization are to apply.

That both of our leading hospitals should thus be so highly congratulated reflects not only on the capable manage-

"Going Up Empty to be Filled"

By COLONEL GIDEON MILLER

MY home is situated near two of the main lines of Western Railways, and I have noticed since the harvest great trains at all hours of the day and night passing Westward; sometimes with a load of a hundred cars and more. I enquired of my neighbor—"Why such long trains?" He replied: "They are going up empty to be filled."

Yes, going out to the great storehouse of our Western Lands, to be filled with the golden grain which God has so bountifully given us, and which they will carry to various distributing points, so that the precious staff of life may find its way to the cities and towns of this country, or to the uttermost parts of the earth, thus supplying the needs of the people and satisfying their hunger.

I have observed that these cars are different in size and in appearance; some are old and worn with the years, while others are obviously quite new, and have only been in the service a very short time. But they are all in the same great work—being bearers of that which is so useful for the health and happiness of mankind.

I have often thought to myself that, if these cars could speak, they would tell how keenly they realise their responsibility, being in such an important service. Some of them, as I say, have done many years of work; in all kinds of weather, moving onward early and late, bearing their precious freight, all in a united line. But their most loud sounding note would be: "No matter how often we go up empty, we find a sufficiency and are quickly filled to overflowing, and once more start off on our errand of conveying good to the world."

Now, those words, "Going up empty to be filled," have been ringing in my ears, and have caused me to think of the great train of God's people of great records of service, some young and only just starting on the way, dispositions differing, filling varying positions, and yet, alas, many conscious of and confessing their emptiness and need of being filled with the Holy Ghost.

Some, perhaps, like a Comrade whom I met the other day, and who said to me: "I am spiritually exhausted; I have been giving out of myself, dealing and pleading with the unconverted, and with those who have become lukewarm, and I feel so empty. I can give out no more until I have some refreshing for my own heart and spirit."

Doubtless there are many like that

Comrade, but, no matter what your experience may be—whether of weakness or leanness of soul, of the want of a new promise of power—there is the never failing promise: "If you will ask and believe, you shall find that He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

The Apostles proved the truth of this promise when they were gathered with one accord in the Upper Room in Jerusalem in the hour of their need. They were all filled with the Holy Ghost and the whole world has felt the influence of that Prayer-Meeting. And tens of thousands of saints, all through the ages, have since proved God to be true. Being emptied of all selfishness, unbelief, and pride, and such like—making an offering of themselves to God—body, soul and spirit. Has He not opened the windows of Heaven, and poured out such blessing that there has not been room to contain it?

There is an old Dutch picture of a little child dropping a chess-see toy from his hand. We used to play with it in the corner of the picture, we saw a white dove winging its flight towards the emptied, outstretched hands of the little one. Similarly, we are prepared to forego a great deal when once we catch sight of the spiritual gifts which beckon us; then do we drop our paltry toys of earth and reach out to full consecration and surrender.

The original Hebrew word for consecration means to "fill the hand." There will not be much difficulty in getting men to empty their hands of wood, hay, and stubble, when once they realise there is an opportunity of filling them with holy treasures. The world pities us because it sees only those things which the followers of the Christ give up, but it would withhold its sympathy if it could realise how much we receive—"good measure, pressed down, and running over." "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled," said the Master, and His promise holds good today.

No matter how many times we have gone up empty to the banquet of God, we have received inspiration and power, and have been filled. This should be our constant encouragement, especially if we are lacking in spiritual strength. Press your way to the Throne of Grace, wait for the promise of the Father, then His will may be done in earth as it is in Heaven. "Go up to be filled."

Spiritual Day at The Garrison

ON Tuesday, December 11th, our Leader and Mrs. Rich met the Training Garrison Cadets and spent a day and profitable "Spiritual Day" with them. It was one of those times when the holy influences which are hovering over the young lives of the Garrison residents were especially emphasised.

As usual the Commissioner gave the Staff Officers and others an opportunity of speaking from their own experiences, and the talks which were given by Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Pascock and Bramwell Park were greatly appreciated.

Staff-Gathering in Winnipeg

ON Monday evening last, the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich met the Staff Officers of Territorial Headquarters at the Training Garrison. While the gathering was not called especially for that purpose, it was natural that the Commissioner should take the opportunity of addressing the assembled Officers on the subject of his journey to London.

Our Territorial Commander's references to the General and to our other International Leaders created an atmosphere of spiritual fraternity which is a true index of the warmth of brotherhood which exists through all ranks of The Army, and of the oneness of our purpose.

Mrs. Comr. Rich at Elmwood

In addition to many labours of a private and unobtrusive character, and her share with the Commissioner in his recent engagements, it falls to our lot to report an interesting and happy event in which Mrs. Rich recently took part.

Elmwood Home League Sabbath afforded an opportunity for meeting the willing workers of that Branch and Corps, and also a goodly company of friends who gathered there quite recently. Mrs. Rich's words of cheer were a pleasant addition to what proved to be an event full of good comradeship and happy result.

Mr. Hope F. M. Ross

For some years past this gifted Winnipeg journalist has placed his services at the disposal of the Commissioner and Territorial Headquarters, and has helped greatly in publicity and advisory affairs. His pleasant close association with us will lessen at the end of the year—he will probably undertake other duties of an important and semi-public character—but we feel quite sure that his intimate knowledge of Western personalities and affairs will always be at the free disposal of The Army. We take this opportunity of tendering him the hearty thanks of all at Territorial Headquarters for a splendid co-operation and an ever-refreshing friendship.

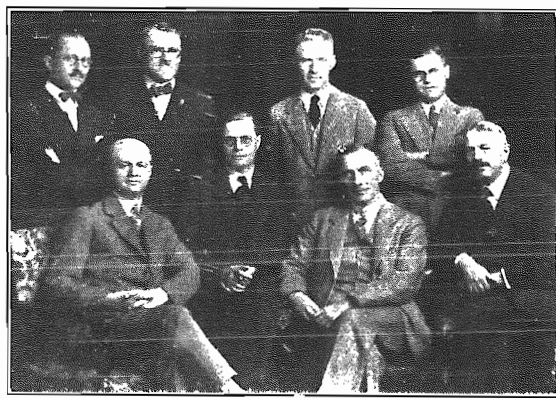
with Vancouver "Grace," and to whose splendid services we are in no small measure indebted for the position so enthusiastically recognised by Dr. MacEachern.

Another item of interest which recently occurred at Vancouver was the Hospital Inspection by the Hon. S. L. Howe, Provincial Secretary. An application has been filed for the Hospital to be registered under the Provincial Hospitals Act of British Columbia, and Mr. Howe's visit, and consequent satisfaction with all that he saw, is not without significance.

One cannot close this brief report without mention of the splendid man in which Mr. W. J. Blake-Wilson, prominent business man of Vancouver, has identified himself with the work and claims of the Hospital, as have other prominent local citizens, and of the small encouragement of Lt.-Colonel Louie Payton, the indefatigable Superintendent.

"You will never regret giving yourself to Him—but you must hand over all the keys. Let Him use you and then use you in the great fight, which is going to make the whole universe more as God meant it to become."—F. B. Meyer.

Outstanding Work at Vancouver Grace Hospital



The Medical Staff at Grace Hospital, Vancouver:—(Left to right)—back row—Dr. J. E. Curtis; Dr. E. H. Saunders; Dr. R. P. Kinsman; Dr. A. Y. McNair. Front row—Dr. G. Seldon; Dr. J. W. Arbuckle; Dr. W. S. Turnbull and Dr. C. Vrooman.

ment of them, and in this our Salvationist readers will take a comradely interest, but it is a high compliment to the medical men whose services are so readily and generously placed at the disposal of the hospital in particular and The Salvation Army in general.

In a later issue we hope to present our readers with a pictorial setting of the Winnipeg Medical Staff, most of whose names are household words amongst us; we are happy, however, to give a photograph of the fine group of medical men who are closely associating themselves

(Per Air Mail)

VICTORIANS, and some who are not are not as a rule taking the 7 a.m. and that was the obnoxious hour that the "Empress of France" docked at Victoria, inbound from the Orient. But, three Territorial Commissioners were on board, and a little party of Salvationists made preparations to see them, if it did mean an early breakfast. What a pleasure it was to meet them! Lt.-Commissioner Yamamuro, Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie, and Colonel Barr, of Japan, China and Korea, respectively. Adjutant Merritt represented the Officers of Victoria, and Captain Milley, a bird of passage, was on hand, also Y.P. Treasurer Mrs. Bent and daughter, and your humble correspondent.

How we talked and talked, the Officers and Commissioner Yamamuro made up one group and Colonel Barr and the rest another. Commissioner McKenzie doing the disappearing act to pack up. He hardly knew that he had six or seven long hours before reaching Vancouver, with loved ones waiting for him.

We thought ourselves most fortunate, and our cup of joy full indeed, but there was even more to follow, for before the "Good-bye and God bless you" was said, Adjutant Kate Lamb joined the party, and how delighted we were, especially the sisters. What reminiscences we older comrades exchanged, the trouble was to get half of it said in the time allowed before the big boat sailed, but alas, Victoria is but a port of call.

Yet we say, "Hallelujah," and praise God for the many blessings in this line that do come our way and (whenever it) we are promised a Meeting if it can possibly be arranged should Colonel Barr return this way. Again we say, quietly, of course, "Hallelujah."—A.E.T.

FOLKS who really belong to Vancouver never grumble about the weather, we take it as the Lord sends it, and are not so greatly uplifted about "brilliant sunshine" as some less contented folk who live to the East of our glorious Rockies. However, we did uplift a psalm of thanksgiving on Sunday morning when we found the city bathed in sunshine, and knew that it would be smiling a welcome to our illustrious visitors—Lt.-Commissioner Yamamuro of Japan, and Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie of China.

An inspiring Open-Air gathering, on the honor of the soldiers, with their attendance, spoke well for the enthusiasm of the day; the fact that we have in the Band Commissioner McKenzie's son, gave an additional touch to our welcome, and, maybe, put an extra lit into the marches with which the Band led us.

Never slow to share in our blessings, and in his, Major Jackson from Seattle was with us, and the opening of our morning session lost nothing in breeziness by reason of the fact that he led us therein. There was a vim and readiness about these items which paved the way graciously for Commissioner McKenzie's "experimental" talk; he told us of some of the difficulties against which our comrades in China are called to fight, and then led us to feel that not only did they need a definite surrender and personal devotion, but that the call of Christ was equally evident to us in those particulars. In his own large-hearted way he reminded us of the joy unspeakable in going to all lengths for Jesus Christ.

A welcome visitor indeed was Staff-Captain Kobayashi, the Divisional Commander for Japanese Work in the U.S.A. Western Territory; coming to greet, of course, his spiritual mentor and national comrade, Lt.-Commissioner Yamamuro; to read to us the Scripture, a study alike of enunciation and versatility.

Then our Japanese Territorial Commander led us into the things of God, and pointedly asked us the solemn question as to our spiritual standing before God—whether dead unto sin and alive unto God, or the reverse lamentable condition. He was forgiving us for musing on the thought that such an interrogation should come to us from one whose nation has but recently heard anything at all of Christ as a Saviour from sin. The Commissioner's story of his recent Meeting with three hundred of his countrymen, and of the twenty-eight converts thereat, thrilled us greatly.

Our Citadel had proved itself too small for the morning Meeting, and it was well

When East Meets West

British Columbia Greets Lt.-Commissioner Yamamuro and Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie

that a few of the D.O.C. Staff-Captain Merritt, and the Empress Theatre for the afternoon of the day. We had a beautiful service for the afternoon, and the service of which we were so proud, Hon. Toyokichi Furukawa, Hon. Japanese Majesty's Commissioner.

What an emotional strain was experienced by the Staff-Captain Kobayashi, in prayer, and Major Jackson, in the presence of the Chairman, Mr. Booth, and his wife, in its way, the people of Commissioner Yamamuro's past services to his nation,



Lt.-Commr. Gunpei Yamamuro of Japan.

embodied his patriotism, and expressed himself as keenly interested in the work of The Army, and that he regarded his afternoon's duties as a high honor and privilege.

The lecture was by way of being a double event. First we had Commissioner Yamamuro's brilliant record of Army triumphs in Japan, with the statement, evidently a matter for personal pride, that fifty per cent of the work there is now self-supporting. The story of a gift of 2,000 yen from an Army convert of years ago as a token of gratitude for blessing received, was beautifully told, and appreciatively received.

Here we had a musical break, and with splendid aptness—not unusual with Band-

master Mills—we had a selection by the Citadel Band—"The Warrior's Reward."

Those who have heard Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie will understand his theme lost nothing in eloquence of picturesque setting; it is one which appeals much to us in these days—"Our Army in China"; we could have wished that all readers of the "War Cry" could have heard it. Laughter and tears were very closely related during his recital.

It was a stirring moment, too, when he led us in prayer on behalf of His Majesty the King, after we had risen on mass and sang the Imperial Anthem—"God Save the King. There were a few thrills



Lt.-Commr. Wm. McKenzie, of North China.

running down British spines during those moments—for Vancouver is loyally British. (So's the rest of Canada. Isn't it?—Ed.).

Before we leave the afternoon Meeting it might be well to complete the picture by saying that with those whom we have already mentioned as being on the platform, or in the programme, were Lt.-Colonel McLean, Brigadier C. Allen, Major Jaynes, Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Merritt and Mrs. Staff-Captain Kobayashi and Staff-Captain and Mrs. Tuttle; so that you will see we had on all our usual decorations.

The evening Meeting in the Empress Theatre was a typically enthusiastic affair, and a fine crowd of Salvationists

and others—to say nothing of visitors from the regions near at hand, Pender Street, Cordova St., etc., etc. Many of them, naturally, looked on with amazement at the manner of our worship, but they were in an atmosphere of brotherly kindness, almost from the moment of the opening song. Song and prayer alike came from exuberant throats, and believing hearts.

Commissioner Yamamuro's intimate talk on the old, old world-wide text, "God so loved the world," was another occasion for musing and for gratitude. The theme of the uplifting power of the love of God is suited for every case, and the Commissioner's illustrations, taken from the lives of Japanese Salvationists, were as pointed as they were thrilling. The Songsters' rendering of, "Seek ye the Lord" made an appropriate sequel.

We had prayed for the King in the afternoon; at night we prayed for our beloved General; Major Jackson leading us therein. Our thoughts and prayers went vying across land and ocean in an affectionate salute, for we are mightily in love with our great International Leader, now scarred in the conflict. God bless the General! Again our Bandmaster sensed the situation aright—in the playing of "Nearer to Thee".

Our Meeting came to an end—before we went into the Prayer-Meeting—by Commissioner McKenzie making an impassioned and personal appeal to all present to give themselves to the Lord. Again there was no want of incident. What a wealth of Salvation illustration is our missionary service. Then the Prayer-Meeting began. It was not one of the most triumphant we have seen in Vancouver; maybe those with us were too alien in thought, and too new in their approach to Gospel things, but, there was some rejoicing in our hearts in the fact that seekers knelt at the Mercy-Seat, and that once more the old Empress Theatre had become the gate of heaven to our souls.

Summing it all up, we have had a great day; we are fortunate in being the Gateway City from the Orient, and that we can thus intercept such illustrious visitors; they are, we think, fortunate in that they have such a city in which to deliver their messages; we are all, fortunate, are we not, in that we are all one Army, and that we can meet and greet such Leaders from distant lands, and sit down with them in heavenly places, all one in Christ Jesus. Good old Salvation Army; blessed be God!—G.A.

As we go to press Lt.-Commissioner Yamamuro is in Winnipeg, and is taking part in a Missionary Rally at the Rupert Avenue Citadel—Lt.-Commissioner Rich in the chair. Our visitor is also due to speak at a Canadian Club luncheon on Thursday at noon. A special report of these events will appear in our next issue. Lt.-Commissioner McKenzie continues his journey to London via Chicago, and is consequently unable to be with his colleague in our Territorial Centre.

Commissioner and Mrs. Whatmore

HAVING been recalled by the Chief-of-Staff to attend the High Council, Commissioner Whatmore passed through Winnipeg a few days ago. In the meantime Mrs. Whatmore stays in Victoria, B.C., where she is happy in renewed intercourse with her sisters resident there.

She addressed the members of the Victoria Home League on a recent Thursday afternoon, thus bringing to a conclusion the Branch activities for 1928. Her talk on "Women of Holland and other Lands" was exceedingly interesting; there were not far short of a hundred members and friends to hear her.

Staff-Captain Arthur Brewer, recently of the North Dakota Division, has made himself much of a comrade with "over the Line" visitors from this Territory. We are sorry to learn of a recent severe illness which has culminated in an operation, and the necessity for a removal to a less severe climate.

Lt.-Colonel Sims is jubilant over the latest Men's Social advance; this time it is Officers Quarters, a new building, for the accommodation of the Officers attached to the Bonnie Doon Eventide Home.

The Health of The General

LATEST news from International Headquarters is to the effect that the recently-reported improvement in the General's condition is maintained.

So much better is he, says the British "Cry," that Commissioner Laurie (Chancellor of the Exchequer) has visited our Leader, accompanied by a Notary Public, and secured his signature to a number of important legal and other documents. The Commissioner was delighted to note the improvement which had taken place in the General's condition since his last visit.

Mrs. Booth has been very thankful for all the messages of sympathy and assurances of prayer which are constantly reaching her. Among many inquiries from people in all ranks of life as to the General's condition, is one from President von Hindenburg, who, it will be remembered, received the General when he was in Berlin a year ago.

The General has also been able to send a message to a Council of Young People at Mildmay, conducted by Mrs. Booth. "Tell them," said The Army's Leader, "to remember that the Lord is no respecter of persons. Tell them that now I must learn the lesson of sickness and suffering just as others have had to do, and so must they. Therefore, let us work together with God and not allow that which we do not expect to interfere with what we may do for God. Fight the good fight to the end, and remember that if we are careless and neglectful others may suffer."

Sir James Aikens, K.C.



SINCE we last went to press one of Canada's noted statesmen and a leading citizen of Winnipeg, Sir J. Aikens, K.C., has celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday. The fact that Sir James has served so many good causes during his long

life, and that he has placed his many brilliant talents at the service of the State—it will be remembered that he has quite recently concluded a two-term period as Lt.-Governor of Manitoba—have made him the recipient of many congratulatory messages.

We venture to say, however, that none have been more hearty than those which our Commissioner tendered to him, and which certainly carry with them the entire good will of all our people. Sir James Aikens acknowledged these greetings in his own felicitously courteous manner, and said: "It is a gratification to me that during the course of the years there have been attached to me many friends—true friends. This is to thank you and all the rest of you for your good wishes." God bless Sir James, say we.

"Just in Time"

A Short Story by Major Jaynes

IN connection with my visit to the Vancouver General Hospital here, I was accosted by a patient who wanted to know if I could do anything to locate a son and daughter supposed to be living somewhere either in Frisco or Los Angeles. I said we would try and took the matter up with our Officer there. This was on October 26th.

On December 3rd, (just a day before the father died) we got a wire from the Colonel saying the missing children had been located in Frisco, and this word was immediately passed on to the father here, who was delighted beyond my power to express. Less than twenty-four hours after this the old man had passed on, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that his children were found and thinking of him.

I wired the son, telling him of his loss and asking if he could get here for a funeral. Circumstances not permitting, they wired five dollars, and asked that we get a floral tribute from the family. This was ten dollars here, but on explaining matters I got the same for half price, and placed it on the casket—in remembrance of those who loved.

I then wrote the children, telling them that everything had been done that could be done ere we laid him away to await the Eternal Morning, also a letter to the Colonel, thanking him for the message that came—"just in time."

A Faithful Veteran

A recent issue of the "War Cry" contained a report of the promotion to Glory of Sister Mrs. Page, a faithful veteran Soldier of the Moose Jaw Corps. Some additional particulars are to hand concerning this comrade and we publish them forthwith.

Sister Mrs. Page, who had been a Salvationist for over fifty years became an Officer from the Brighton Congress Hall and remained in the Field for twelve years during which time she opened Gateshead I Corps and also served in the Channel Islands. She was then known as Captain Ilman.

Her health caused our Comrade to relinquish her beloved work and prior to her coming to Canada she served five years as an Envoy. Her association with the Moose Jaw Corps is a fragrant memory to the comrades and her work as Y.P.S.-M. and Hospital Visitor, was faithfully carried out.

"Common shop religion has no thrill for anybody, young or old. The real thing has a thrill for everybody, old or young. No inspector is needed to analyse the article."—Bernard Shaw.

OUR YEARS

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."—Psalm 90:4.

DURING the last few days I have had occasion to think of the change in the date in the year, being an Editor makes it necessary that one should think ahead, and so, while some of you are still blundering over the rival claims of 1928 and 1929, we shall be safely over the stile and happy on our way. There are compensations in every walk of life.

But this change in the date has made me think of the meaning of years. "The meaning of years?" you say. "Why, as far as a year means 365 days and a few odd hours, which seem to pass much more rapidly the older one grows." True, my comrade. That is the generally accepted meaning of the word year, but when one stops to think about it, it means much more, very much more.

It all depends how much use a man makes of the years as they pass; it is evident that a year in one man's life is worth ten, twenty, thirty years in another's, and thus years become no criterion of how long, or how briefly a man has lived. "With long life will I satisfy him," says Moses, but a life of short years may be so crowded as to be a career which is crowded to the full with satisfaction, and crowned with completeness.

What Grey Hairs Mean

There is an old saying which tells us that we ought to reverence grey hairs. I am not so sure that it is not foolish advice. It all depends what the grey hairs stand for. Hair can grow grey in idleness as well as by hard work. I have known young men who have been far more deserving of veneration than many an old man whom I have met.

Old age is only venerable when the growing years are attended by an equal growth in wisdom, usefulness, and achievement. By the time I am seventy, I have learned to be self-control, no more charity towards my fellow-men, no more wisdom in advice and counsel, and no more of the companionship of the Holy Spirit, than I exercised, say, at twenty, why should I expect my grey hairs to be a call for reverence?

Mind you, I am not one of those who have gone crazy over the claims of youth, who are for ever prattling that this is the "Day of the Young People," and who in support of their argument, I suppose, are always insulting grown young men and women by calling them "Boys and girls." I do say, however, better a short life and a full one, than

a mere stretching out of the years into a merely useless length.

There was an old gypsy man who lived in our town when I was a boy; he was the grimmest old rascal in the neighborhood; more than half of the local prisoners were set down to him—and yet he claimed to be a centenarian. I am quite sure, however, he had never been of much use to anybody, and least of all to himself.

At one time The Army owned a huge estate in Australia, it had been granted to them by the State Government; patches of it were the most fruitful soil one could desire—the most luscious of fruit would grow therein. Other parts were arid, and useless, and a constant anxiety to the management because of their ill-effect on the good sections. Some men's lives are like that—just a waste of years; others "bring forth an hundredfold." Before the latter, the former sink into insignificance.

A Brave Little Woman

I know a man who only seems to live to eat; as soon as he has finished one meal, he says: "When do we eat next?" On the other hand I know a brave little woman who has a job to get enough to keep body and soul together; but she is known all around the neighbourhood as an angel of mercy, and all the folks about regard her as a mother, sister, aunt, and grandmother rolled into one.

When the Recording Angel reads these two records, I wonder how much the length of days will count. That little woman may wear herself out before she is fifty, but the old glutton may feed himself and pamper himself until he is a hundred. But I imagine the Angel will know how to appraise them correctly.

Moses said "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." Take note of the days as they come, use them to the utmost, put them past you brim full of doings and endeavors, so that at the end they shall not appear as "The years of the hireling," but as the days of one who has been about the Master's business—which is, as you very well know—so spending your life that it may be not only a joy and delight for yourself, but a pathway into better days and happier years for the multitudes around you.

"Oh, that each in the day Of his coming may say, I have fought my way through, I have finished the work Thou did'st give me to do."

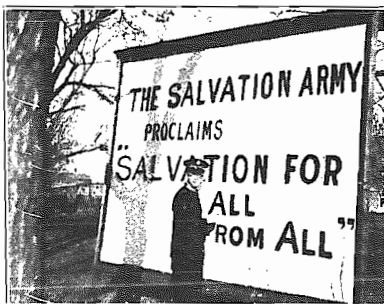
GETTING TO WORK ON A VACANT LOT

AN empty notice board, especially when it is attached to a Salvation Army property, is worse than tinkling brass and sounding cymbal; the latter do at least make some noise in the claims while the former stands mute—as dumb and as dismal as if we had no message at all to give to the world.

Evidently the right-ought soul of Staff-Captain Mundy has been moved with similar thoughts, and one day, armed with paint and brush, and clad in serviceable overalls, he attacked the vacant sign-boards at the Training Garrison, and filled them with messages which greet the eyes of the thousands of pedestrians, car-passengers and autoists who pass by the Garrison building during the course of the week.

Perhaps this little tale will be a hint to some other folks to get to work on other vacant lots and so advertise the claims of Jesus Christ, and the glories of His Salvation. "Write the vision, said the Lord, and make it plain—that he may run that readeth it."

And while we are about it, may we not hint that there are some Salvation Army Halls which might well be advertised as such? Why, here's a message in the very words "The Salvation Army" if you but stop to think of it.



"On The Pots"

IF we could only get out young Cadet comrades to tell us some of the touching and happy incidents which their "potting" experiences have provided, we should have an intensely and perhaps, thereby, a few more dollars for the "Keep the Pot Boiling Fund." But, alas.

We imagine, however, that the most touching incidents were of the blind man who, hearing the sound of the ringing bells, asked to be guided to the spot so that he could give his quarter; and of another similarly afflicted gentleman who called to the

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



The Back Page of "The War Cry"

Ste. Al Styremup Man-in-Winnipeg.

Dear Mr. Editor:

It is amazing how the years fly. It gives me cold shivers to think that we are at the end of another year. A little done, that's the worst of it. So little done in the way of stirring up the "War Cry" circulation; so few of our people—Officers and Soldiers alike—who really care. I know I sometimes write like an old fool, and some folks think that there is nothing else to it, but, seriously, Mr. Editor, don't you think most of us are trifling away the time.

I know you don't expect me to use up this column in writing sermons; you can do that well enough without me; but it is high time some of us were up and doing, or life will end before we have done anything at all. However, I must not moralise too much. Let's make a new start with the New Year, and make up our minds to spend every moment of it in the Lord's service.

Say, Mr. Editor, I have heard it said that there were 7,132 people who stood alone with the old Founder on Mile End Waste: were you one of them? You have been in The Army a very long time, I know and you are acquainted with some of its historical facts. Can you tell me why they dropped that wonderful idea of "singing a song from the back page of the 'War Cry'?" Don't you think we might revive it occasionally. You do print some very nice songs there sometimes, although I do often wish your tunes were more up to date. Some of the bandmen who have photographs could give you some of the latest airs. I have been stirred up to write you like this because of a letter I have just received. Here it is:

Winnipeg

Dear Envo:

I thought you might be interested to know that our Songster Leader described "honorable mention" in your next week's column. He told the "War Cry" man the other evening on our way home from Band practice that he "pulled an old stand" in a recent Saturday night when he and his Brigade had charge of the Meeting. He chose the opening song from the back page of the "War Cry" and he himself said 19 copies among the congregation—four of the Songsters sold 50. Now then, can't we have a revival of this old time fashion.

Yours in the same service,

"J.R.W."

Now, he's a smart man is that? I'd like to make his acquaintance and shake him by the hand, and if I had so many other expenses just now, I'd join the Band fund. However, I'm close. Nothing to say about rising the week, except, "let us all rise and sing from the back page of the 'War Cry'."

Yours ever faithful, ever sure,

Daniel Domore, Envoy.

Cadet in charge so that he might also give his mite.

Almost as touching is the story of the little child who came shyly to the Cadet with the request that she might be allowed to empty her envelope of extra pieces into the pot.

And yet what a crowd of strong, able bodied, and comparatively well-to-do folks hurry past; some with a sneer and a jeer. However, the "Inasmuch" him holds as true today as when it was first given.

Our BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS

EXCELLENT ADVICE.

AS OTHERS SEE US AND HEAR US

A "painted lady" and a "lounge lizard" stood upon a curb smirking and sneering at a Salvation Army lassie pounding upon a big bass drum. An "ex-service man" stepped up and said: "What's the idea?"

The "painted lady" pointed to the lassie. The "lounge lizard" guffawed aloud. The ex-service man said: "If either of you had been over there you'd think different about her. If you want something to laugh at, take that."

His fist flew out into the centre of the grinning countenance of the "lounge lizard" and sent the scoundrel sprawling in the street. The ex-service man went off with his head in the air feeling that his duty was done. The "painted lady" escaped down the street to avoid trouble, but the Salvation Army lassie knelt down in the gutter and with her own handkerchief stopped the flow of blood.

We tell the story just as it came to us. We don't know just how accurate it is, but it speaks the spirit of The Salvation Army, which has been a "Sacrifice Army" for nearly everyone who ever enlisted. The war-crowned The Army with glory and put it upon an entirely new foundation in public opinion.

At the same time, we have never been able to understand why it was desirable for The Army to continue with such an awful rumput in the way of music when a little intelligent direction, time and zeal applied to the same work would enable The Army to produce enough skill to lead to music of a better sort with a far wider, far more powerful and far higher appeal to the mob of unreddeemed men The Army seeks to reach. Can not The Army take a suggestion from the hordes

that flock to public parks where good music is performed. These people do not, for the most part, come from the "upper" classes which The Salvation Army does not make so much effort to reach (but which probably need The Army spirit even more than the mob in the street). Somehow the idea has been held that a rumput of some kind was needed to attract attention and that because of the lack of musical skill it was best to stop with a few instruments, reducing the music to little more than the rhythmic clump of the savages.

On the other hand, The Salvation Army does possess some fine bands recruited from the workers themselves. These bands seem to bring a far greater response, draw larger crowds and command far more respect from all grades of society. We recently heard one from Troy, New York. The players worked in the mills in the day-time but at night put on the blue and red uniform and went about the Lord's business in the streets. There were some eighteen performers. The instruments were excellent and well selected. The performers were well trained and worthy of far better music than that assigned to them. A sweet-voiced singer, who also played the euphonium, sang a few verses that brought tears to the eyes of some of the men. The drum head was covered with coins and bills from the crowd who came to foster the work of The Army.

Compare such a street service with the disagreeable jangle of sounds which one sometimes hears at The Salvation Army services. Surely the music of such a worthy purpose deserves the best and loses nothing in sincerity and self-abnegation by being beautiful.—"The Etude"

A Simple Ear Test

To sharpen the aural sense, a simple and fruitful exercise is to listen, in another's rendition, for alien sounds purposely inserted for the occasion. This can be made a quite exciting game. Particularly in chords one's skill is exerted in detecting false notes, for in these, few players heed very carefully each separate tone, being conscious only of the broad outline of melody.

Should the listener not discover the changes after a line has been played, it should be repeated in the original form for comparison. The faults need to be made more obvious for the less acute pupil even to the extent of playing wrong melody notes, for it is a fact that one may be able to play a tune quite accurately and yet have the vaguest mental record of it as an independent experience.

Many ways of transposing and transforming a melody will present themselves. The key may be changed and the pupil asked to identify the new key contrasted with the first. Soft passages may be played loudly, staccato notes made legato, rhythms disturbed, phrases garbled accents misplaced.

By learning to recognize such changes the listening powers will be made more acute and, more important still, the capacity for musical enjoyment will be greatly increased.

It's No Use Playing The Cornet to a Cow

The cow has no ear for music; we feel quite sure of it. Then why not save your energies for worthier ends. Cows can be put to many valuable uses, but as an appreciative listener to cornet playing, no matter how clever and expert the executant, we think she is sadly out of court. So why waste your precious time over it?

Nero fiddled over burning Rome, but nobody we can hear of praises either his skill or his diplomacy. Time is too precious to be wasted over cornet-playing to distinguished members of the bovine species.

Let's concentrate our powers on worthy objects. Don't talk about philosophy to an ignoramus, or about religion to a fool. Lay your cornet to musical ears, and your highest, noblest thoughts to those who are "in tune with the Infinite."

A Cornet's Soliloquy

Metal am I, fashioned by hands of men,
A thing of tubes and valves until
Life is breathed into me, and then
I wake with quick responsive thrill.

My brazen tubes no special virtues hide,
I am what men dictate that I should be;
My speech is that which mortal lips decide,
I may not choose discord or harmony.

Servant of sound, my master's voice am I,
His thoughts and action are expressed
by me;
Triumphant note or gentle as a sigh,
Strident or else with tonal purity.

Life's compensations vary, so men strain
To win the prize; as they longer live,
We grow into the knowledge that they gain.
Proportionate to the measure that they give.

'Tis so with me. I give what I am given,
And reproduce it, be it good or bad;
My faults are his who should have striven
To put in just what he would have found
had he been.

—Ensign E. Warren Stanton, in
the "Toronto Cry"

Little Bobbie would not sing in school. His teacher insisted that he do so or give a reasonable excuse.

Bobbie (half-sobbing): "I don't want to sing 'cause mother says I sing just like dad, and you ought to hear him!"

Our Occasional Talk

The Story of Two Men

Two men walked down a busy street. Both were humble and respected followers of our Lord. Both looked at the hurrying, bustling crowd. One saw men and women in more or less adequate clothing, old and young busy with their shopping and sight-seeing. The other enjoyed the lights and the movement and the comfort of having so many peaceable fellow citizens around him.

The other saw little or nothing of the clothes that the people wore or the lights in the windows and the ebb and flow of movement up and down the street.

He watched the eyes of the people, and saw all around him hunger, seeking, human souls who were tossed by sorrow and failure, tormented by temptation and overcome by sin. Knowing the history of his own heart, with its hopes and fears, its joys and tears, he read on the faces of that crowd such yearning, such need, such seeking, that his spirit turned within him.

Supper and Prayer

Both men went home to supper and to pray. The first prayed for himself, his family, his comrades in the Corps, with little more feeling than that with which he had previously thanked his wife for the cup of cocoa she had made. He was soon finished, knowing the formula so well that he never paused to find a word, and within five minutes was in bed and fast asleep.

The second groaned in his spirit upon his knees. Although his eyes were tightly closed he could see that crowded street of suffering, sinning immortal souls, and he cried from the depths of his heart, "O God, save them! O Lord, teach me the way to their hearts that I may speak to them about Thee and the treasure that does not corrupt."

He was long upon his knees, and when at last he retired to rest his slumber was almost a prayer, so troubled in spirit was he.

Both men were humble and respected followers of our Lord, but which, think ye, was of greatest value to the Kingdom of Heaven? Which of those two men are you like?

Gossip-Mongers

MARK TWAIN once said something to the effect that a lie could travel around the world nine times before truth could get its shoes laced. Gossip-mongers are usually unconscious of their trade. They feed on hearsay, they enthuse with, disapprove the acts of those whose characters are being discussed and in the enthusiasm they pass on to Mr. Smith and Mrs. Jones the hearsay they receive plus the coloring of their indignation. The snowball rolls along and picks up volume and velocity.

Let's pity the subjects of gossip, but let's reserve most of our pity for those afflicted with the "gastrolitis" and when their birthday comes around make them a present of the Three Chinese Monks with the prayer that what mottoes and texts will not do, the monkey with his hands over his eyes will help them to "see no evil," the monkey with ears muffled will introduce them to the virtue of "hearing no evil" and to rub in the idea, put a X on the monkey with his hands over his mouth.—Chicago "Cry".

"IN PRISON AND YE VISITED ME"

It felt terrible to tell the full tale of Salvation Army activities along the by-ways and in the secluded places of the community that the story would be even more interesting than that which is often told of our men public moments. It does sometimes happen, however, that we do not want to tell of the things that are going on in the court house.

And the silence that is present of the men therein, who are not only recognized but are sometimes guests at passing social phases in their life-story which they would fain leave untold.

There is scarcely a jail throughout the entire west of Western Canada where Salvation Army Officers and Soldiers, members of the League of Mercy, and others, do not visit from Sunday to Sunday, and often during the week. The courtesy of the authorities in this matter is gratefully acknowledged, and goes to prove that gradually a humane and Christian spirit is coming over our prison administration.

It is, surely, unnecessary to say that in these visitations The Army has no other object than the good, social and spiritual,



Major M. Jaynes, Songsters Alexander and Grant, and Bandsman Stanton ready for their "Jail Delivery" at Okalla

of their prison clients, and that they are recognized as entirely friendly is proved by the free manner in which their confidence and advice is invoked, and by, praise God, the resultant blessings which follow. There are none, we imagine, who will quarrel with a work which so often means the making of worthy citizens of those who have formerly been a state problem.

Our illustration is a tribute to the Vancouver Citadel comrades who regularly visit at the great Okalla Jail, B.C., and by their music and song and testimony, have been instrumental in leading more than one prisoner to Him who came to set the prisoner free.



Prince Albert's Campaign

Prince Albert (Captain and Mrs. Edwards). A great impression has been made here through the visit of Commandant Carroll, and we believe, in addition to our own inspiration, great and lasting good has been done in the town. Meetings were held every night during his campaign, and both in these gatherings and in the Prayer-Meetings which preceded them, the Commandant did not spare himself, but worked heart and soul.

One of the lectures given by our visitor was on "The Wandering Jew," and attracted quite a number of strangers to the Hall. On Saturday night a rousing Open-Air Meeting was held on the main street, and then, in the Hall the Commandant spoke on "The Battle of Books." On Sunday the Meetings were well attended—there being a record attendance at night when the Hall was crowded. In this Meeting C.S.-M. Mrs. Salter was presented with a Long-Service Badge, having completed twenty-four years' service. One young woman who has since regularly attended the Meetings, sought the Lord, and is now striving to do His will. The string Band did good service in this Meeting.

On Thursday night the Commandant gave a Lecture in the Canadian Legion Hall—"The Battlefields of France and Belgium." The Hall was crowded with men and women who were interested and enlightened and pleased with the Lecture.

During the Campaign four souls sought Christ, some of whom are definitely taking their stand.—C.C.B.W.

Sister Mrs. Barnard, Lethbridge

On Saturday, December 1, God called to Himself one of the most faithful and zealous of our Soldiers, in Sister Mrs. Barnard (nee Minnie Tullock), wife of our Deputy-Bandmaster; daughter of Corps Serg.-Major and Mrs. Tullock and sister of Bandsmen Bill and Lawley Tullock.



Sister Mrs. Barnard

The Funeral Service was conducted by Captain and Mrs. King, assisted by Captains Belkovich and Buckley, and the people thronged the Citadel Band, under Bandmaster Hardy, played appropriate music, and the service commenced with the favorite song of our promoted comrade, "Precious promise Thou hast given," and then all hearts were stirred as Mrs. Barnard poured out her soul to God on behalf of the bereaved, and also for the salvation of the lost. Captain Belkovich read the Shepherd Psalm, and Captain Buckley and Y.P.S.-M. Mrs. Rosaine, from Drumheller, spoke of the consistency of and the influence of Mrs. Barnard's life, and the spiritual power she had exerted.

Y.P.S.-M. Bert Mundy, with whom our Comrade had worked in the Company Meeting, read messages of sympathy which had poured in from all parts of Canada, including telegrams from previous Corps Officers, including Commandant Beattie and Adjutants McCaughey and Hubbard. Sister Mrs. Beaumont sang a suitable solo, and Captain King closed with a message from the text, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints," with a definite warning to the unsaved to seek God on the spot. Great was our joy when a sister who had been a neighbour of Sister Barnard's for many years voluntarily came to the Mercy-Seat and gave herself to God. Since the funeral we have heard that many hearts were stirred by the playing of the Dead March by the Band on the street.

Sister Mrs. Barnard will be missed by everyone, especially by her own company

A Resume of Recent Events at Winnipeg Citadel

ENCOURAGING results, increased attendance, and a display of the fighting spirit, and a conquering faith, are among the items the Scribe has gathered during the two recent weeks of fighting at the Winnipeg Citadel. Specials—we've had lots of them; variety—plenty of it. Salvation bombs and bullets have been well mixed with some good knee-drill and determined concerted attacks on the Devil's Territory, and not without victorious results. Thirty decisions have been recorded during the past fourteen days.

On Saturday, Dec. 8, the Citadel Brigade of Cadets revealed a wealth of talent when they gave us a whole evening packed full of sermons, laughs and good music. Undoubtedly the feature of the evening was the item, "Lost Opportunities," which number was given to The Army world per the International Demonstrator, per Sister Dorothy Joy. (We believe we shall persuade Adjutant Junker to use this dialogue for his Sunday night Lesson, yet!)

Sunday afternoon, all who attended the P.S.A. enjoyed Lt.-Colonel Sims' "Observations" of the recent Alaskan Congress at Ketchikan.

At night, Lt.-Colonel McLean, fresh from his triumphant revival Campaign in North Dakota and Minnesota, piloted us through a glorious Meeting. There was great liberty that night, and while the Mercy drops were falling on the Seniors in the auditorium, the young people were experiencing refreshing showers in their Meeting below. Adjutant Davies, with Staff-Captain and Mrs. Weeks, and Y.P.S.-M. Black, with other Y.P. Workers, fought through to a great victory. Over twenty came forward during the Meeting.

On the following night in the Y.P. Meeting the fire was still burning, and

refreshing, honest testimonies were heard from many who had been re-consecrated the previous night.

On Wednesday, Dec. 12, the Annual Financial Report was read in the presence of a fairly representative gathering of Soldiers, by Treasurer Alex. Susans. The otherwise dry proceedings were moistened by smooth, flowing streams of melody via the Songster Brigade.

Thursday night the Guards held a very successful Sale of Work, the earnings of which reached a gratifying total.

Santa Claus peeped into the Y.P. Hall on Saturday afternoon for a few moments, and the Primary Section each retained a pleasant memory, for he left each one a useful gift.

Saturday evening witnessed the start of an old-fashioned weekend, when Major Caruthers, the Divisional Commander, commenced a series that extended over till Monday night. Insign Stratton proved a capable assistant during the weekend, and especially was this evident on Monday night, when she, with her "box of whistles" had a rousing time with the young people.

All ranks and sections in the Corps are depleted on account of sickness, and special prayers were requested for the ailing ones during the day. The Bandmaster's household, in a miniature hospital ward, we are told; pray for him and his family.

Deputy-Bandmaster Weir led the Band capably during the day, and with the aid of Adjutant Davies and Haynes, and the Editor at the piano, "put over" a first-rate programme at the P.S.A. Two of the latest published numbers were featured, a march, "The Red Shield," and a short selection, "Oh, remember Calvary." Major Caruthers gave us a very interesting insight into the life and work of Salvationist comrades in Alaska. —J.R.W.

PROMOTED TO GLORY

of boys, and not least by her own two dear lads, the elder of whom, eight years of age, plays the instrument in the Y.P. Band which Mrs. Barnard played in the Senior Band during the war days.

Nineteen Seekers at Memorial Service

Though our hearts were very heavy, our faith was high for the Sunday Meetings, and we were not disappointed. In the morning Y.P.S.-M. Mrs. Rosaine told us of her early struggles after God, and how at Lethbridge Corps she had found peace, and that for over thirty years God had kept her fighting; hearts were moved and four seekers came out for consecration, and one for forgiveness.

The comrades of the Corps, including Brother Barnard and others of the bereaved family, joined in the Open-Air at night, and remained right through the Salvation Meeting, fighting and fishing to the end. During the evening one comrade testified that some years ago he came into the Citadel drunk, filthy and degraded, and that Mrs. Barnard was the one who spoke to him, invited him to the Mercy-Seat, and there led him to God. Sister Mrs. Slarks also testified to the holy life and character of our comrade, and how she had welcomed her as a young girl from Scotland twenty years ago, and that right through the intervening years she had known her to live a consistent Christian life.

The Band played "Sweeping through the gates" and Sister Mrs. Raley sang beautifully, "God shall wipe away all tears." The crowd which packed the Citadel was moved and thrilled as the

Sergeant-Major told of the inspiration the life of his only daughter had been to him, and of the way she had helped him in connection with his Corps duties.

The address on the joys and glories of heaven was given by Captain King, and when the appeal was made we entered into a great Salvation battle. First to come was a Band-comrade, then a husband and wife and two children knelt at the "place for the lifting of burdens" and these were followed by a number of other seekers, including a relative of our promoted comrade for whom we had prayed a long time. Altogether nineteen seekers were registered for the day.

Brother George Gorst, Fort Rouge



Brother George Gorst

told us of his intimate knowledge of our Promoted Comrade.

Captain McBride sang, "Climbing up the golden Stairs," which was one of

Fort Rouge Victories

Lieutenant Gordon, Sunday, at Captain Wagner of Territorial Headquarters was with us, and we had a very lively and enjoyable Meeting. Sergeant Fraser read the Scriptures and led testimonies, and Cadets Anderson and Coxon spoke. The Captain's words were very forceful and we believe that many of the Meeting were deeply convicted. We rejoiced when two backsliders returned to the Fold. The Meeting was closed with a Hallelujah wind-up and march round the Hall. The morning Meeting was held by Brother Cairns.

We are very sorry that we are losing our Brigade of Cadets, although we are having others, who we know will be as good, to fill their places. They, with Sergeant Fraser have been a real blessing to the Corps, and we are sorry to part with them.—M.J.

Restored After the Meeting

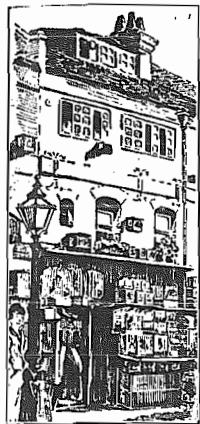
Elmwood (Captain Hamilton and Lieut. Mendum). God's presence has been mightily felt in our Meetings of late, and we have rejoiced over seekers. The farewell Meeting of our Brigade of Cadets under Sergeant Hunt was a blessed occasion, when one sister laid at the Cross. During the month of December Eusign Schwartz, assisted by women-Cadets, conducted a special series of Holiness Meetings. Two comrades sought the Blessing of Holiness in the final Meeting, and after it had closed, and everyone had gone home, a backslider after being dealt and prayed with, was restored to the joy of Salvation. Hallelujah!—A.R.D.

Brother Gorst's favorite songs. Brother Cairns, who had known Brother Gorst for many years, spoke a few words. Sister Dorothy Joy sang, "There is a better world." Envoy McKenzie, on behalf of the League of Mercy, of which Brother Gorst was a member, told of his faithful service in visiting the hospitals with "War Crys," a labor of love he had done for a great number of years. It was good to know that Brother Wade is taking the place of Brother Gorst in this work, and we were glad to hear him speak and also give Mrs. Gorst a message which was given him by the Sister of St. Boniface Hospital, saying how much they appreciated the work of Brother Gorst. Captain Walker then sang, "God is near thee." Major Habkirk spoke comfortably about light coming out of darkness, and the light of Salvation coming out of the darkness of sin. Although there were no visible results, yet we felt that the presence of God was really in the Meeting, and many souls were touched. We feel that many returned men have been blessed in the various hospitals by the visitation of Brother Gorst, and we feel that he will indeed be missed in that work.

The Sunday morning Holiness Meeting was conducted by Brigadier Park, assisted by Captains Walker and McBride. We were greatly helped and blessed by the words of the Brigadier who visited Fort Rouge for the first time.—M.J.

An Alaskan Despatch

Captain Chester Worthington has recently taken charge of Wrangell Corps, and things are moving in the right direction. Recently Staff-Captain Acton gave a lantern lecture to a crowded Hall, after which refreshments were served. Native comrades were most appreciative, and, as the slides depicting the life and suffering of our Lord were shown, utmost interest was evidenced. A large crowd of young people also gathered to listen to an object lesson on Sunday afternoon. Captain and Mrs. Worthington are busy visiting the people, and interest in the Meetings is reviving. One backslider recently being reclaimed



The Old Pigeon Shop in Spitalfields, where some of the early Christian Mission meetings were held.

Caught In The Porch

Or, How John and I Met The Christian Mission

As told to NICHOLAS WILLS

I AM going to tell you, just as my own simple way, about how John and I met the Christian Mission, as The Salvation Army was then called.

We were young, and very happy together, and were going along through life without any serious thought, when sorrow came to us, for we lost one of our dear children. I shall not forget how, with my heart broken, I knelt in my room and prayed God to make me a better woman

through the loss of my little one.

Experience has taught me that it is in pain and sorrow that we are led to think about holy things. Grief becomes a sacrament, and we are saved by the Cross all the time. Though I knew very little about Jesus, I was very sincere in that prayer of mine; and I asked God to lead me, and it is wonderful how He answered my petition, and it is extraordinary, I think, that I was led to pray in that way, even before I was converted.

Though my sorrow had constrained me to pray, both my husband and I shortly after that were more or less at sixes and sevens; for if you do not realize that the Saviour is with you it sometimes happens that you fall out with even the one you love the best. One night we were passing along the Whitechapel Road, and as we were walking we were having a bit of a family quarrel. Some folks would say it was nothing very serious; but still, there we were disagreeing!

While the little tiff was in progress we heard some singing, and drawing nearer found ourselves before a porch. There was a crowd listening to some folk who were holding an Open-Air Meeting (if such could be called) in that very porch. There was something about that Meeting which took hold of us, and while we listened to a soul-arresting song by one of the women-evangelists we forgot our tiff and quarrel. Oh! so earnestly. Then, when the Meeting was over, we went into the building. Shall I ever forget it? (I must wipe my spectacles).

That Night in My Trouble I Met Jesus

I'm not crying because I'm sorry, really I'm not, but because I'm so happy; for that night in my trouble I met Jesus, my blessed Saviour, the One who said, "Come unto Me." It seemed to me as though I saw the beautiful face of the Master Himself, and caught a glimpse of His outspread arms, and in that wonderful moment I knew that all was well with my little one, and that I had found the place of rest for my troubled spirit, for I knew in that moment that I was saved through faith in Jesus.

That night I understood why the Lord had taken our little bird of happiness away, and God gave me a gift of song. My soul began to sing for very gladness. That woman-Evangelist, Sister Caroline, as she was called, whose voice I first heard tell the story of Jesus in the Whitechapel Road, was at the organ to me. It was wonderful the way the Lord led both John and me gently into the paths of righteousness. In a certain copy of the "Christian Mission Magazine" may be read a little account of our conversion, under the heading of "Caught in the Porch." You see, we were just two young people, a great multitude of "Isis" met in those early days, a great stream of souls was surging up and down the Whitechapel Road. Sister Caroline called to see us again and again, and so it was that we ourselves became happy-hearted missionaries.

What stirring Holiness Meetings we used to have! They were held in the Long Room at Whitechapel, and were led by Mr. Bramwell, our present pastor, and the Lord came upon us in a stream of glory, filling our hearts and cleansing us, and inspiring us to go forward. And we needed all the inspiration we could get, for those were real fighting days. Floes and scots and refuse were thrown at us, and sometimes we had to fight our way out of the by-lanes before we could get into the main road.

What a fine lot we were (with a few laughs). Though I say it myself "I shouldn't," we were a fine lot, and we were not the slightest bit afraid of a spirit of all the hubbub; for, you see, God was with us, and we found our chief joy in helping to make bad people good.

What big comrades we had, too! I shall not forget seeing Doctor John Reid Morrison, known everywhere thereabouts as the Christian Mission Giant, who, though he was so big and heavy, yet

marched at the head of the procession singing with the rest of us. Sometimes the worthy doctor would invite us to his house, and we would hold a Drawing-Room Meeting there.

I often smile about the things we said and did, though they used to shock many good folks; some left us, but more came to us. Praise the Lord.

And that was how the Christian Mission grew so big that it had to be made into an Army. One thing that I remember gave offense to some. It was called a Salvation Fair, and was held in the old Whitechapel Hall. It served its purpose, and proved a means of fighting the Devil with one of his own weapons, and the right kind of people flocked into the fair, and were astonished at what they saw and heard, and some found Christ.

After a time my husband and I went to Poplar, but whether at Whitechapel or Poplar we were in the fight for the winning of the worst for the King. At Poplar John Allen, the converted navvy, proved that he could preach, and when necessary keep a crowd of roughs in order. I remember one Half-Night of Prayer when Evangelist Lawley (he's in Heaven now, bless him!) shared the honours with John Allen. In those days we used to go to a kind of Class Meeting in the Long Room where the Whitechapel Holiness Meetings were held. It was a great time to us, I assure you, when the old General used to take the gathering. He would hear our testimonies, and present



us with a ticket containing a suitable text, and speak words of advice which we treasure in our hearts to-day. We were all very much alive, and abhors seemed to be busy disturbing the present. (More happy laughter)

We were at Poplar when an Officer from Headquarters came down to know who were going to stand true when the Christian Mission was being transformed into The Salvation Army. It was a great change, and some were fazed and riled in their ideas, and some who had even survived the shock of the Salvation Fair and similar daring innovations, felt that turning the Mission into an Army was the last straw to break the camel's back. Well, I asked the Lord about it, and it didn't break my back!

So, when names were asked for, in the words of the man in John Bunyan's book, I said, "Put down my name, sir." About this time Cadets—rather different from those of to-day—were introduced. Try to imagine the big, raw fellows. How vigorously they went at it, and how vigorously the roughs went at them!

We needed all the courage we could command in the marches. On one occasion one of the sisters got her arm broken, and upon another the sister who carried the Flag was badly cut across the face, but she didn't even whimper.

What a fuss there was as one innovation after another came along! Our first cornet was a great harmony maker—to us. I am afraid that cornet helped to stir up opposition, but it brought the people along to hear the simple message of Salvation from sin.

It is well in this Centenary Year to remember how bravely The Army Mother stood to her guns in the days of old. She was a lady to her very finger-

tips. All the time she was a lady, and yet she stood forward like a prophetess, amid all the storm and turmoil. She was not shocked by the rough-and-ready speech and deeds of the Converts! Bless her, not! The things that shocked her were coldness and emptiness and hypocrisy. But here were diamonds in the rough, and being a lady, she knew a diamond when she saw one! Wonderful trophies stood ready in their shirt-sleeves—yes, in their shirt-sleeves—to speak up in front of all their old mates! She spoke out bravely for them, championing their cause and hers against the unfair critics. She was ever "defending the right and opposing the wrong." Ah, it is a sweet picture I have of her in my mind, while I tell you this little Christian Mission story.

Whether in broadcloth or moleskin (there was more moleskin than broadcloth), all the Converts were on a footing, and would let their light shine for Jesus. Sometimes there would be much zeal and little wisdom, but that was better than a lot of wisdom with a little zeal! Still, it was all right, and even if the roughs would poke fun at the provincial trophy who ever and anon ejaculated, "Bless the Lord! well, they knew what he meant; and what is more, they respected and even feared him for the godly life he lived before them."

We were, as we used to say, "a happy lot of people," and we were a serious lot of people, too. We met in different houses, not to chatter about nothing in particular, but to pray for the Salvation of souls, and to help strengthen each other in the faith. There would be about a dozen present as a rule, and stirring times we had not only there but in the big gatherings. Amid all the racket and noise of those rowdy Meetings in the Halls, some of The General's old friends would come in, especially if The General or Mrs. Booth were leading, and they would praise God for the strange and wonderful work of redemption they saw.

We Used to Call Him "Mr. Bramwell"

Mr. Bramwell, as we called the present General, was very much with us even in those far-off days of old.

"How is So-and-so getting on?" he inquired of two of the workers while he walked arm in arm along the road with them.

"He's all right, Mr. Bramwell," was the answer, "but he needs a lot of nursing."

"Is he worth nursing?" was the quick retort.

"Yes, Oh, yes!"

"Well, nurse him up, nurse him up," was the decided answer, and he said to it that he was nursed.

Many of the Converts, however, did not require much nursing. They soon learned to "Stand up, stand up for Jesus!" as we used to sing. It was not all easy work for them, nor were the crowds all big ones. I have stood in company with Evangelist Rothwell (afterwards Colonel Rothwell), who is spending his Christmas in Heaven with all the host of our dear ones who have crossed the flood.

It was real fighting, and Evangelist Rothwell was all sparkle and wit when our opponents came along, and a little opposition to spice the Meeting with life served to draw a bigger crowd together to hear the Gospel message, just as John and I heard it when we were caught in the porch.

The Revelation of Christ Within

By COMMISSIONER SAMUEL BRENGLER, D.D.
I KNEW a man nearly forty years of age, educated, thoughtful, earnest, but without the knowledge of Christ in his heart. He was a fine looking, self-reliant man, and for a year resisted me, and then meeting with another similar testimony, he came to me with great frankness and said, "In the mouth of two witnesses this thing is established. How can I get this revelation for myself?"

I explained as fully as I could the way, and I told him to seek God in all his heart, in all his strength. One night when I was free he came to me and asked me to go with him to a Meeting. I suggested going to The Salvation Army.

We took a front seat, and soon I heard him whispering to himself. Turning, I found him with his elbow on the seat behind him, his face in his hand, and with an earnest look, as though he was whispering to himself, "Blessed Jesus, bless Jesus! I need you, for I was sure the great revelation had come, and in my heart I prayed for him."

Well do I remember that prayer. It was one of the simplest I had ever prayed, "O Lord, bless him so that he will never get over it in this world or the world to come!" After the Meeting began and an opportunity was given for testimony, he stood up and said, "No one can conceive what God has been doing for my soul in this last half-hour. Jesus Christ has come to me and revealed Himself within me!"

On the way home that night he praised God almost every step of the way. The next night he called upon me, and was still praising God. Every one who knew him remarked at this transformation that had taken place in his life, in his looks, in his words. Christ was revealed to him and within him, and through him.

